

Attacks on Foreign-Born, Negro Workers

By CYRIL BRIGGS.

MAY DAY this year will be of greater significance than ever before to the American working class. Especially is this true of the Negro masses staggering under the most monstrous national oppression in existence anywhere in the world today.

Coming in the period of deepening crisis, of rising resistance on the part of the workers to the mass starvation program solution of the bosses, May Day, 1931, finds the American ruling class in the midst of a vicious campaign of terror against the workers. This terror is directed especially against the Negro and foreign born workers in an attempt to isolate them and to cut them off from the general struggles of the working class.

Lynch Law

By their vicious campaign to incite white workers against Negroes, and native born white and Negro workers against the foreign-born workers, the bosses are attempting to divert the masses from the necessary mass revolutionary struggle against starvation; are trying to set workers to fighting among themselves in order to prevent a united struggle against the bosses' system of starvation, lynch law, persecution of Negro and foreign-born workers.

By lynchings and deportations they hope to terrorize the Negro and foreign-born workers into hesitancy in joining the struggle against wage cuts and the stagger plan, into acceptance of a lower standard of living, into acceptance of the starvation program, and into the role of strike breakers.

Socialists and KKK

In this conspiracy of splitting the working class in order to defeat the struggle against starvation, the ruling class of this country has the full cooperation of the social fascists of the socialist party, the fascist A. F. of L. leadership and Ku Klux Klan elements, and the various camps of the Negro reformists.

In the South we find the Ku Klux Klan, the Caucasian Crusaders, the Black Shirts and the A. F. of L. officialdom united in the demand that "No Negroes be employed while white men are starving," and "That Negroes now holding jobs be fired and white men employed in their place."

In the North we find this same maneuver to split the working class taken up by the Negro reformists in the form of a fake campaign for jobs for Negro workers, coupled with the demand that the foreign-born workers be discharged and kicked out of "our" country.

Both cases represent a dastardly attempt to split the working class, to narrow down the struggle against starvation into a demoralized fight for a few jobs at the expense of other sections of the working class.

As against this attempt of the boss agents to split the working class and divert the struggle against starvation into channels harmless to the imperialists, we must record the rising militancy of the workers, the growing unity of Negro and white workers under the leadership of the Communist Party and the revolutionary industrial unions.

Especially is this noticeable in the field of the Negro liberation struggle, where the new Negro proletariat, under the guidance of the Communist Party, is struggling manfully and successfully for proletarian hegemony of the movement and against the frenzied attempts of the Negro reformists to maintain their hegemony and influence.

Workers Lead

May Day, 1931, will record a higher development of the struggle for working class unity, for proletarian hegemony of the Negro liberation movement, and in the mass revolutionary struggle against starvation, wage cuts, race hatred and persecution of Negro and foreign-born workers, imperialist war preparations against the Soviet Union, and for real unemployment relief and insurance.

Negro and white workers! Down Tools May Day! All out in tremendous demonstrations against the bosses' hunger system! Join the gigantic militant protest and struggle against lynching and deportations, against wage cuts and starvation! Demand Unemployment Relief and Insurance! De-

mand the right of self-determination for the Negro majorities in the Black Belt and in Africa and the West Indies! Defend the Soviet Union, the citadel of the revolutionary workers and the colonial masses!

Halt Boss Wage Cut Drive by Struggles

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program of the revolutionary movement. Especially we must know how to utilize the May Day demonstrations to initiate real strike struggle in the shops around concrete, partial demands. We must energetically build grievance committees and to generally strengthen the organization of the TUUL.

The May Day demonstrations must not be simply a turn out of the workers, important though that may be, but it must be connected at all points with the actual organization and general struggles of the workers.

On May First millions of workers all over the world will demonstrate against capitalism.

As never before, they will be inspired with the fighting spirit, with the glorious example of the Soviet Union before them, they will more clearly than ever understand the revolutionary goal they must drive toward and how to get there.

Let us, therefore, unite great masses of workers for a worthy part in this great international demonstration of labor.



Negro Reformist: "It's all right! They are doing it legally!"

MAY STORM--A Story

By MYRA PAGE

THE shrill blasts of fifty whistles forced their way through the soot and smoke that hung like storm clouds over the rambling steel plants, over the rows of leaning tenements which staggered in narrow rows along the adjoining streets. Jets of crimson flame shot into the air.

The blasts echoed across the city, down to the river's edge where ships crowded the docks, loading cargoes of steel rails for Europe, South America and far away China.

A mighty flood of grimy, toil-stooped men poured through the gates and down the winding streets. Above their dark shirts their faces

rose in one grey, haggard mass.

Jack MacFarney separated himself from the others to wait near the entrance to the finishing department, where his wife worked. His powerful shoulders and arms were set on a body that had never reached its full stretch from the ground. Labor since ten years of age had stunted his growth. Heavy lines slanted diagonally across his cheeks. His eyes, steel-blue, had that sharp, clear-sightedness which is customarily found only in mountaineers and seamen.

The MacFarneys were sprung from Scotch-Irish stock that had been enticed to this country three generations earlier to lay railroads that opened up the West, mine coal and build giant steel plants where he and his Mary now labored eleven hours a day.

Seven years ago, in answer to glowing advertisements, he and his young wife had come to Smoky City with their two babies. Seven years! MacFarney shrugged his shoulders and spat into the gutter.

Mary elbowed her way toward him and they started up the street that worked its way among the tenement cliffs towering on either side. Through the Negro and Italian sections, past the blocks inhabited by Slavs and Polaks they walked on to the neighborhood where the Anglo-Saxon Americans lived.

"Anything wrong, Mary?" Jack peered anxiously into her glum face. "They ain't laying off in your

section?"

"Naw. Not as I know of." Her voice was flat, lifeless. "Another girl got her hand smashed today. It was a sight to turn your stomach."

"This dam speed-up. They got no right to rush us so. Burning the life out of us—for 'em!" He jerked his thumb upward, over his shoulder. On a hill overlooking the city, high above the smoke-laden lowlands with their mills and tenements, stood the mansions of the steel syndicate owners. They reared their white marble pillar with all the majesty of medieval palaces.

Now the residences were empty. Only a score of servants had been left behind, to care for the grounds, horses, and motors while the mas-



THE AMERICAN FARMER CELEBRATES MAY DAY.



A MAY DAY THAT'S COMING

May Day of A Misleader

By A. PETERSON.

THE FEDERATION of Organized Trades and Labor Unions set May 1, 1886, as the day of struggle for the eight-hour working day.

But Powderly, Grand Master of the Knights of Labor, at that time the strongest union in the U. S., opposed the eight-hour movement and even sent out secret circulars to his trade assemblies not to participate in any of the eight-hour day May Day committees.

The militancy of the rank and file members in the Knights of Labor reached such heights that on May Day 1890, the members of this organization united with the workers in other organizations for feverish May Day preparations.

When on May Day 1890 70,000 workers turned out in Chicago, when thousands went out in such small cities as Bayonne, N. J., when thousands filled Union Square, New York, despite the pouring rain,

the demonstration was declared to be the red letter day in American labor history. Heavy armed guards of police were on the ground.

Powderly spoke at one of the meetings, and on the platform sat the future President Grover Cleveland. Powderly made the vicious declaration that "he is not opposed to the reduction of the working-day, but it has to be reduced one half an hour for three years." (N. Y. Tribune, May 2, 1890.)

May Day, 1890, was the beginning of the end of this labor misleader. The capitalist government, in appreciation of his betrayals, gave him a political job. He died a wealthy man.

May Day 1931 we see the modern Powderlys, the Greens, the Wolls, the Mustes in the forefront of the capitalist drive against the workers. Green, Woll and the A. F. of L. officialdom try to distract the workers from struggle on May Day by siding with Hoover in the mockery of making May Day a "child health day."

ter was in Florida.

"Aw, shut up, Jack." "It's true ain't it?" "Sure, but what good'll come of saying it?" They trudged on.

"Jack," she jerked at his arm, hesitated, "I hear they gonna cut the rate on us again." He stopped short. "By gorry! Another cut!... Pete was right."

"Who-what? You been talking to that Red again?"

"Well, you see—He works alongside. Today he told me he'd word of a cut coming."

"And—?" Her voice had gone shrill as the whistles. "I suppose he was speaking more about a union? Maybe a strike?"

"Now Mary, don't take on so. I ain't promised nothing."

"You sure?" She searched his face. "With so many thousands on the streets, crazy for jobs, this ain't no time to be getting fired, or walking out."

"Don't I know it. You take me for a fool!" He felt angry, upset. As they rounded a corner, the nightly sight which they both dreaded came into view. Five hundred men, able-bodied, turned off at the mills, waiting in line for two hours for a bowl of soup and some pieces of bread. "Poor devils," Jack muttered. "What's the country coming to?" Heads lowered, they hurried by.

"Does that Red say there's gonna be a strike?" Mary persisted. Jack didn't answer. "Go on, you know I ain't loose-mouthed. Speak out."

"Well, yes, he does. Against the wage-cut and driving. He says we gotta all stick together now, it's the only way. They got a committee in about all departments, lining up the trusty ones."

Neither Jack or Mary had ever been in a strike.

"And you?" There was a frightened look in her eyes.

"Naw, I ain't said nothing, yet."

"But—you—how soon?"

"Soon. Maybe by the First of May."

"Stars above!" Mary's hands trembled, her eyes blurred. "Ain't things bad enough without that!" They turned in at their tenement and started up the dark flights of stairs. As they passed the Harrigan's landing, they heard sounds of wailing and angry voices. "What's up?" After supper Mary told him, "Jack, while I wash up and put the kids to bed, you step down and find out what's wrong with the Harrigan's?" She was already in bed when he crept in.

"Mary," he whispered hoarsely, "they gona turn the Harrigan's out. Tomorrow the judge give 'em a dispossession notice. That's what the city does to a poor man who's lost his job."

"But they can't do that! Her sick and with a young baby! Where'll they go?" They lay staring up into the dark. Their dark thoughts, the ache in their joints and back kept them from sleeping.

DOWN in Florida Mr. Graynor, the steel king, and his family, took their daily sun baths and dip in the ocean, played golf, went to fashion shows and concerts, and spent long afternoons on their piazzas sipping cool drinks and gossiping lazily about the latest scandal among their millionaire colony at Miami. The residences here were in gorgeous keeping with the near-tropical climate. Elaborate gardens, baths, and gold knobs on the entrance doorways.

Nevertheless, this life of luxurious ease was not entirely self-centered. Only the evening before—the same evening that the Harrigans in Smoky City learned they were to be evicted. Mr. Graynor's lovely young daughter had been one of twenty debutantes to raffle off her kisses to the highest bidder at a charity ball for the benefit of "the deserving poor suffering from idleness."

MARY and Jack hurried home from work the next day, fearful that their neighbors, the Harrigans were already in the street. "Well put her and the baby up, overnight," Mary worried, "and maybe the other neighbors can crowd the rest in, till they find a place. But what'll happen to their furnishings lying in the street?"

But there was no furniture on the sidewalk in front of their tenement.

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